CHERRIE

AND THE

SLAE

Compyled into Meetter

By Captain

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

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A

SWEET SONNET

To the Blessed

TRINITY.

By C. A. M.

SUpreme Essence, Beginner, unbegun,
Ay Trinal One, and undivided Three
Eternally Word that victory hath won,
O're Death, o're Hell, triumphing on the tree
Fore-knowledge, Wisdom, and All-seein
JEHOVAH, *Alpha* and *Omega*, All, (Ey
Like unto none, and none like unto Thee
Unmov'd; moving all rounds about the Ball
Container, uncontain'd, Is, Was, and Sha
Be Sempiternal, Merciful, and Just:
Creator, Uncreated, now I call,
Teach me thy Truth, it to Thee I trust.
Increase, confirm, and kindle from above,
My Faith, my Hope, but by the leave, m
(Love

THE CHERRIE AND THE SLAE.

ABout a bank with balmy bews,
Where Nightingales their Notes renews;
with gallant Goldspinks gay:
The Mavise, Merle, and *Progne* proud,
The Lintwhite, Lark, and Laverock loud,
saluted mirthful *May*:
When *Philomel* had sweetly sung,
to *Progne* she deplored;
How *Tereus* cut out her tongue,
and falsly her deflored.
Which story, so sory,
to shew asham'd she seem'd,
To hear her, so near her,
I doubted if *I* dream'd.

2. The Cushat crowds, the Corbie cryes,
The Cucko cuks, the pratling Pyes,
to geck her they begin:
The Jargoun, or the jangling Jayes,
The craiking Craws, the keckling Kayes,
they deav'd me with their din:
The painted Pown with *Argos* eyes,
can on his Mayock call:
The Turtle wails on withered trees,
and Echo answered all;
Repeating, with greeing,
how fair *Narcissus* fell,
By lying, and spying
his shadow in the well.

3. I saw the Hurcheon and the Hare,
In hidlings hirpling here and there;
to make their morning mange:
The Cow, the Conney, and the Cat,
Whose dainty downs with dew were wet

The Hart, the Hynd, the Dae, the Rae,
the Fulmart, and false Fox,
The bearded Buck clamb up the brae
with birsie Bairs, and Brocks:
Some feeding, some dreading,
the hunters subtile snares,
With skipping, and tripping,
they plaid them all in pairs.
4. The air was sober, soft and sweet,
But misty vapours, wind, and weet,
but quiet, calm and clear
To foster *Floras* fragrant flowers
Whereon *Appollo's* paramours,
had trinkled many a tear;
The which like silver shakers shin'd,
imbroidering beauties bed:
Wherewith their dervy heads declin'd,
in *Mayes* colours clad:
Some knoppling, some dropping,
of balmy liquor sweet:
Excelling, in smelling,
through *Phœbus* wholsome heat.
5. Me thought an *Heav'nly* heartsome thing
Where dew like Diamonds did hing;
ov'r twinkling all the trees,
To study on the flourish'd twists
Admiring natures Alcumists,
laborious busie Bees
Whereof some sweetest honey sought,
to stay their lives to sterve,
And some the waxie vessels wrought,
their purchase to preserve:
So heaping, for keeping,
it in their hyves they hide:
Precisely, and wisely,
for winter they provide.
6. To pen the pleasures of that park,
How every blosome, branch and bark;
against the Sun did shine,
I passe to Poets to compile
In high, heriock, stately stile,
whose muse surmatches mine
But as I looked mine alone,
I saw a River rin:
Out ov'r a steepy rock of stone,

With tumbling, and rumbling,
among the roches round,
Devalling, and falling,
into a pit profound.

Through routing of the River, rang,
he Roches sounding like a sang;
where Descant did abound,
ith Treble, Tenor, Counter, Meene.
n Echo blew a Basse between,
in Diapason sound;
et with the C-sol-fa-uth Clief,
with long and large at list,
ith Quiver, Crotchet, Semibrief,
and not a minim mist;
Compleatly, more sweetly,
she frid down'd flat and sharp,
Than Muses, which uses,
to pin *Appollo's* harp.

. Who would have tyr'd to hear that tune
hich birds coroborate ay abone,
with layes of lovesome Larks?
hich climb so high in Cristall skyes,
hile Cupid wakned with his cryes
of natures Chappel-clarks:
ho leaving all the Heavens above,
alighted on the eard,
o how that little Lord of love
before me there appeared
So mild-like, and child-like,
with bow three quarters skant,
Syne moyly, and coyly,
he looked like a Saint.

. A Cleanly Crisp hang ov'r his eies,
is Quiver, by his naked thighs,
hang in a silver lace:
f gold, between his shoulders, grew,
wo pretty wings wherewith he flew,
on his left arm a brace;
his God soon off his gear he shook
upon the grassie ground,
ran as lightly for to look
Where ferlies might be found,
Amazed, I gazed
to see his gear so gay,
Perceiving, mine having,
he counted me his prey.

10. His youth and nature made me stout,
Of doubleneſſe I had no doubt;
but bourded with my boy:
Quoth I, how call they thee, my child?
Cupido, Sir, (quoth he) and ſmil'd,
pleaſe you me to imploy:
For I can ſerve you in your ſuit,
if you pleaſe to impyre,
With wings to flie, and ſhafts to ſhoot,
or flames to ſet on fire:
Make choſe then, of thoſe then,
or of a thouſand things,
But crave them, and have them,
with that I wood his wings.
11. What would ye give, my heart quoth he,
To have theſe wanton wings to flie,
to ſport thy ſp'rit a while?
Or, what if love ſhould lend thee here,
Bow, Quiver, ſhafts and ſhooting gear,
ſome body to beguil?
This gear, (quoth I) cannot be bought,
yet would I have it fain.
What if (quoth he) it coaſt thee nought,
but rendring all again?
His wings then, he brings then,
and band them on my back:
Go flie now, quoth he now,
and ſo my leave I take.
12. I ſprang up with *Cupido's* wings,
Whoſe ſhoots, and ſhooting geare reſigns
to lend me for a day,
As *Icarus* with borrowed flight,
I mounted higher then I might,
ov'r perilous a play,
Firſt forth I drew the double dart,
which ſometimes ſhot his mother,
Wherewith I hurt my wanton heart,
in hope to hurt another;
It hurt me, or burnt me,
while either end I handle:
Come ſee now, in me now,
the Butterflie and candle.
13. As ſhe delights into the low,
So was I browden of my Bow,
as ignorant as ſhe;
And as ſhe flies whilſt ſhe is fir'd,

So

So with the dart that I desir'd,
mine hands have hurt me too,
As foolish *Phaeton*, by suit,
his fathers Chair obtain'd;
I longed in loves Bow to shoot,
not marking what it mean'd,
More wilful, then skilful,
to flie I was so fond,
Desiring, impyring,
and so was seen upon't.
14. Too late I knew, who hews to hie,
The spail shal fall into his eye,
too late I went to schools,
Too late I heard the swallow preach,
Too late experience doth teach
the School-master of fools,
Too late I find the nest I seek,
when all the birds are flown:
Too late the stable door I'steek,
whenas the steed is stown;
Too late ay, their state ay,
as foplish folk espy,
Behind so, they find so,
remeed, and so do I.
15. If I had ripely been advis'd,
I had not rashly enterpriz'd
to soar with borrowed pens:
Nor yet had sey'd the Archer craft,
To shot my self with such a shaft,
as *Reason* quite miskens.
Fra *Wilfulness* gave me my wound,
I had no force to flie:
Then came I groaning to the ground,
friend, welcome home, quoth he:
When flew ye, whom slew ye,
or who brings home the booting?
I see now, quoth he now:
you have been at the shotting.
16. As scorn comes commonly with skaith
So I behov'd to bide them baith;
so staggering was my state,
That under cure I got such check,
Which I might not remove nor neck,
but either staile or maire
Mine agony was so extream,

I swelt and swoum'd for fear,
But ere I wakned off my dream,
he spoild me of my gear,
With flight then, on hight then,
sprang *Cupid* in the skies,
Forgetting, and setting,
at nought, my careful cries.

17. So long with sight I follow him,
While both my dazled eyes grew dim,
though staring of the starns;
Which flew so thick before my eene,
Some red, some yellow, blew and green.
which troubled all mine harns,
That every thing appeared two
to my parboiled brain;
But long might I ly looking so,
ere *Cupide* came again?
Whose thundring, with wondring,
I heard up through the air:
Through clouds so, he thuds so,
and flew I wist not where.

18. Then when I saw that God was gone,
And in a languor left alone,
and sore tormented too,
Sometime I sigh'd while I was sad,
Sometime I mus'd and most gone mad,
I doubted what to do;
Sometime I rav'd half in a rage,
as one into despair:
To be oppreſt with such a Page,
Lord if my heart was fair?
Like *Dido*, *Cupido*,
I widdle and I warie,
Who left me, and left me,
in such a feiry farie.

19. Then felt I *Courage* and *Desire*
Inflame mine heart with uncouth fire;
to me before unknown:
But then no blood in me remains,
Unburnt or boil'd within my veins,
by loves bellowes blown,
To drown it ere I was devour'd,
with sighs I went about;
But ay the more I shoope to smoor't,
the bolder it break out;

Ay preasing, but ceasing,
while it might brake the bounds,
Mine hew so, forth shew so:
the dolour of my wounds.
20. With deadlie visage, pale and wan,
More like Anatomie than Man,
I weathered clean awry.
As wax before the fire, I felt
Mine heart within my bosom melt,
and piece and piece decay:
My veins by brangling like to break,
my pulses lap with pith:
So fervency did me infect,
that I was vext therewith;
Mine heart ay, it start ay,
the fiery flames to flie:
Ay hoping, through louping,
to leap at liberty.
21, But (O alace) it was abus'd,
My careful corps kept it inclus'd
in prison of my breast;
With sighs so sopite and ov'r let,
Like to a fish fast in a net,
in dead thraw undercast,
Which though (in vain) it strives by streagth,
for to pull out her head:
Which profits nothing at the length,
but hasning to her death:
With thrifting, and writing,
the faster still is she:
There I so, did lye so,
my death advancing to.
22. The more I wrestled with the wind,
The faster still my self I find,
no mirth my mind could mease,
More noy than I had never none,
I was so alter'd and ov'rgone,
through drought of my disease:
Yet weaklie, as I might, I raise,
my sight grew dim and dark,
I staggered at the windlestraes,
no token I was Stark,
Both sightless, and mightless,
I grew almost at once:
In anguish, *I* languish,
with many grievous groans. With

23. With lower pace yet I approach
Hard to the River and the Rock,
whereof I spake before:
The River such a murmure made,
As to the sea it softly slade,
the Craig was stay and shore;
Then *Pleasure* did me so provoke,
there partly to repair:
Betwixt the River and the Rock,
where *Hope* grew with *Despair*:
A tree then, I see then,
of Cherries on the brees,
Below too, I saw too,
a bush of bitter Slaes.
24. The Cherries hang about mine head,
Like trickling Rubie round and red,
so high up in the heugh:
Whose shadows in the River shew,
As graithly as they grew,
on trembling twists and teugh;
Whiles bow'd through burden of the birth,
declining down their tops:
Reflex of *Phœbus* off the Firth
now coloured all their knops,
With dancing, and glancing,
in tirlers as Dornick champ,
Which streamed, and leamed,
through lightnesse of that lamp,
25. With earnest eye, while I espy
That fruit between me and the sky,
half gate almost to heaven:
The Craig so cumberlom to climb,
The tree so tall of growth and trim,
as an arrow even;
I call'd to mind how *Daphne* did
within the Laurel shrink,
When from *Apollo* she her hid
a thousand times I think;
That tree there, to me there,
as he his Laurel thought
Aspyring, but tyring,
to get the fruit I sought.
26. To climb that Craig it was no bnit,
Let be to preass to pull the fruit,
in top of all the tree;
I know no way whereby to come,

By any craft to get it climb,
appearantly to me:
The Craig was ugly, ſtay and driegh,
the tree long, ſound and ſmall,
I was afraid to climb ſo high,
for fear to fetch a fall;
Atrayed, I ſtayed,
and looked up aloft,
Whiles minting, whiles ſtinting,
my purpoſe changed oft.
27. Then *Dread*, with *Danger*, and *Deſpair*,
Forbade me minting any mair
to rax above my reach.
What? tuſh, (quoth *Courage*) man, go to,
He is but daft that hath to do,
and ſpares for every ſpeech;
For I have oft heard ſooth men ſay,
and we may ſee't our ſelves,
That fortune helps the hardie ay,
but pultrons ay repells;
Then ſpare not, and fear not
Dread, *Danger*, nor *Deſpair*
To fazards, hard hazards,
is death e're they come there.
28. Who ſpeeds, but ſuch as high aſpires;
Who triumphs not, but ſuch as tryes
to win a noble name?
Of ſhrinking what but ſhame ſucceeds?
Then do as thou would have thy deeds
in regiſter of fame;
I put the caſe thou not prevail'd,
ſo thou with honour die,
Thy life, but not thy courage fail'd,
ſhall Poets pen of thee;
Thy name then, from fame then,
can never be cut aff
Thy grave ay, ſhall have ay,
that honeſt Epitaph.
29. What canſt thou loſſe when honour lives,
Renown thy virtue ay revives,
if valiantly thou end,
Quoth *Danger*, Huly friend, take heed,
Untimous ſpurring ſpills the Steed,
take tent what ye pretend;
Though *Courage* counſel thee to climb,
beware thou kep no skaith,

Have

Have thou none help but Hope and him,
they may beguile the baith:
Thy ſell now, can tell now,
the counſel of their Clarks:
Wherethrow yet, I trow yet,
thy breaſt doth bear the marks.

30. Burnt-bairns with fire the danger dreads,
So I believe thy boſome bleeds,
ſince laſt that fire thou felt:
Beſides that, ſeindle ſtime thou ſees,
That ever *Courage* keeps the keyes
of Knowledge, at his belt,
Though he bid foreward with the Guns,
ſmall powder he provides:
Be not a Novice of that Nuns,
who ſaw not both the ſides:
Fools haſte ay, almaiſt ay,
ov'rſyles the ſight of ſome:
Who luiks not, who huiks not,
what afterward may come.

31. Yet *Wiſdom* wiſheth thee to weigh
This figure in Philoſophy,
a leſſon worth the lear;
Which is, in time for to take tent,
And not, when time is paſt, repent,
and buy repentance dear;
Is there none honour after life,
except thou ſlay thy ſell?
Wherefore hath *Atropos* that knife!
I trow thou canſt not tell?
Who but it, would cut it,
which *Clotho* ſcarce hath ſpun,
Deſtroying, the joying,
before it be begun.

32. All ov'rs are repute to be vice,
Ov'r high, ov'r low, ov'r raſh, ov'r nice,
ov'r hot, or yet ov'r cold,
Thou ſeems unconſtant by thy ſigns,
Thy thoughts are on a thouſand things,
thou wots not what thou would.
Let *Fame* her pity on thee poure,
when all thy bones are broken:
Yon Slae, ſuppoſe thou think it ſowre,
would ſatisfie to ſloken.
Thy drougth now, of youth now,
which dries thee with deſire:

Assuage then, thy rage then,
fowle water quenches fire.
33. What fool art thou to die a thrist,
And now may quench it if thou list,
so easily but pain?
More honour is to Vanquish ane,
Then fight with tensome, and be tane,
and either hurt or slain.
The practick is, to bring to pals.
and not to enterprise:
And as good drinking out of glasse,
as gold in any wise,
I lever, have ever,
a fowl in hand, or tway.
Then seeing, ten flying
about me all the day.
34. Look where thou light before thou loup,
And slip no certainty for hope;
who guides thee but begueſs.
Quoth *Courage*, cowards take no cure
To sit with shame, so they be sure:
I like them all the less.
What pleasure purchast is but pain,
or honour won with ease?
He will not ly where is slain,
who doubts before he dies:
For Fear then, I hear then,
but only one remeed,
Which late is, and that is,
for to cut off the head.
35 What is the way to heal thy hurt,
What way is there to stay thy sturt
what means to make thee merry?
What is the comforts that thou crave?
Suppose these Soplists the deceives,
thou knows it is the Cherric
Since for it only thou but thrists,
the Slae can be no buit:
In it also thine health consists,
and in none other fruit,
Why quakes thou, and shikes thou,
or studies at our strife?
Advise thee, it lyes thee
on no less then thy life.
36. If any patient would be panc'd,
Why should he leap when he is lanc'd

or shrink when he is shorn?
For I have heard Chyrurgions say,
Oft-times deferring of a day
might not be mend the morn.
Take time in time ere time be tint,
for time will not remain:
What forceth fire out of the flint,
but as hard match again?
Delay not, nor fray not,
and thou shalt see it sae:
Such gets ay, who sets ay,
stout stomacks to the brae.

37. Though all beginning be most hard,
The end is pleasant afterward,
then shrink not for no showre:
When once that thou thy greening get,
Thy pain and travel is forget,
the sweet exceeds the sowre:
Go to then, quickly, fear not thir,
for *Hope* good hap hath height.
Quoth *Danger*, be not sudden, sir,
the matter is of weight;
First spy both. then try both,
advisement doth none ill:
Thou may then, I say then,
be wilful when thou will.

38. But yet to mind the Proverb, call,
Who uses perils perish shall,
short while their life them lasts.
And I have heard (quoth *Hope*) that he
Should never scape to sail the sea,
that for all perils casts.
How many through *Despair* are dead,
that never perils prievd;
How many also, if thou read,
of lives have we relievd?
Who being, even dying,
but *Danger*, but despair'd,
A hunder, I wonder,
but thou hast heard declar'd.

39. If we two hold not up thine heart,
Which is the chief and noblest part,
thy works will not go well:
Considering, these Companions can
Dissuade a silly simple man,
to hazard for his heale.

Suppose

Suppose they have deceived some,
ere we and they might meet,
They get no credance where we come,
in any man of sp'rit.
By reason, their treason,
by us is plainly spy'd:
Revealing their dealing,
which dow not be deny'd.
40. With sleekie Sophisms seeming sweet,
As all their doings were discreet,
they wish thee to be wise,
Postponing time from hour to hour,
But faith is underneath the flowre,
the lurking Serpent lyes;
Suppose thou seest her not a stime,
while that she sting thy foot,
Perceives thou not what precious time
thy sleuth doth overshoot:
Alace man, thy case man,
in lingring, lament,
Go to now, and do now,
that *Courage* be content.
41. What if *Melancholy* come in,
And get a grip ere thou begin?
then is thy labour lost;
For he will hold thee hard and fast,
Till time, and place, and fruit be past,
and thou give up the Ghost.
Then shall be graven upon that place.
which on thy tomb is laid,
Sometime there liv'd such one, alace,
but how shall it be said?
Here lyes now, but praise now,
into dishonours bed,
A coward, as thou art,
who from his fortune fled.
42. Imagine man, if thou were laid
In grave, and syne might hear this said;
would thou not sweat for shame?
Yes, faith, I doubt not but thou would:
Therefore, if thou have eyes behold
how they would smore thy fame.
Go to, and make no more excuse,
ere life and honour lose;
And either them or us refuse,
there is no other chose:

Consider

Consider, together,
that ye do never dwel:
At length ay, by strength ay,
the Pultrons we expel.

43. Quoth *Danger*, since I understend,
That counsel can be no command;
I have no more to say;
Except, if that ye think it good
Take counsel yet ere ye conclude,
of wiser men than they;
They are but rackless, young and rash,
suppois they think us sheit:
If of our fellowship ye fash,
Goe with them hardly be it,
God speed you, they lead you,
who have not meikle wit,
Expel us, yee'l tell us,
hereafter comes not yet.

44. While *Danger* and *Despair*, retir'd,
Experience came in and speir'd;
what all the matter mean'd,
With him came *Reason*, *Wit* and *Skill*:
Then they begin to ask at *Will*,
where make you to, my friend?
To pluck yon lusty Cherrie lo,
quoth he, and quite the Slae:
Quoth they, is there no more ado,
ere ye win up the brae?
But do it, and to it,
perforce your fruit to pluck,
Well, brother, some other,
were beter to conduct.

45. We grant ye may be good enough,
But yet the hazard of yon heugh;
requires a greater guide:
As wise as ye are may go wrang,
Therefore take counsel, ere ye gang,
of some that stands beside.
But who were yon three ye forbade,
your company right now?
Quoth *Will*, three Preachers, to perswade,
the poyson'd Slae to pow:
They prattled, and pratled
a long half hour and mair.
Foul fall them, they call them,
Dread, *Danger*, and *Despair*,

46. They are more fashious then of feck,
Yon fazards durst not for their neck,
climb up the craig with us,
Fra we determined to die
Or then to climb the Cherrie tree,
they bode about the bush;
They are condition'd like the Cat,
they would not weet their feet:
But yet, if any fish they gat,
thy would be apt to eat,
Though they now, I say now,
to hazard have no heart,
Yet luck we, or pluck we,
the fruit they would have part.
47. But when we get our voyage won,
They shall not then a Cherrie cun;
who would not enterprise,
Well (quoth *Experience*) ye boast:
But he who reckon'd but his host,
oft-times he counted twise;
Ye sell the Bairs skin on his back,
but bide while ye it get:
When ye have done it's time to crack,
ye fish before the net;
What hast, Sir, ye tast, Sir,
the Cherrie er'e ye pow it:
Beware, Sir, ye are, Sir,
more talkative gar trow it.
48. Call *Danger* back again (quoth *Will*)
To see what he can say to *Will*;
we see him shod so strait,
We may not trow what each one tels.
Quoth *Courage*, we concluded els,
he serves not for our nait,
For I can tell you all Perquiere,
his counsel ere he come:
Quoth *Hope*, whereto should he come here:
he cannot hold him dumb;
He speaks ay, and seeks ay:
delay of time, and drifts:
To grieve us, and deive us,
with Sophistry and shifts.
49. Quoth *Reason* why was he debarr'd,
The tale is ill cannot be heard;
yet let us hear hime anes,

Then *Danger* to declare began,
How *Hope* and *Courage* took the man,
to lead him all their lanes:
How they would have them up the hill,
but either ſtop or ſtay;
And who was welcomer then *Will*,
he would be foremoſt ay:
He could do, and ſhould do,
who ever would or dought:
Such ſpeeding, proceeding,
unlikely was I thought.
50. Therefore I wiſht him to beware,
And raſhly not to run ov'r far,
without ſuch guides as ye.
Quoth *Courage* friend, *I* hear you fail,
Take better tent unto your tale,
ye ſaid it could not be;
Beſides that, he would not conſent
that ever we would climb.
Quoth *Will*, for my part I repent
we ſaw them more then him:
For they are, the ſtayer,
of us as well as he;
I think now, they ſhrink now,
go forward let them be,
51. Go, go, we do nothing but gucks,
They ſay the voyage never lucks,
where each one hath a vote.
Quoth *Wiſdom* gravely, *Sir*, I grant,
We were no worſe your vote to want,
ſome ſentence now I note;
Suppoſe you ſpeak it but begueſs,
ſome fruit therein I find,
Ye would be foremoſt, I confeſs,
but comes oft-times behind.
It may be, that they be
deceiv'd that never doubted
Indeed, *Sir*, that head, *Sir*,
hath meikle wit about it.
52. Then wilful *Will*, began to rage,
And ſwore, he ſaw nothing in age,
but anger, ire, and grudge:
And for my ſelf (quoth he) I ſwear
To quite all my companions here,
if they admite you judge.
Experience is grown ſo old,
that he begines to rave;

The reſt, but *Courage*, are ſo cold,
no hazarding they have,
For *Danger*, far ſtranger,
hath made them than they were,
Go fra them, we pray them,
who neither dow, nor dare.
53. Why may not we three lead this one?
I led an hundred mine alone,
but counſel of them all,
I grant (quoth *Wiſdom*) ye have led,
But I would ſpeir how many ſpeed,
or furthered but a fall:
But either few or none I trow,
Experience can tell.
He ſayes, that Man may wite but you,
the firſt time that he fell:
He kens then, whoſe pens then,
thou borrowed him to flie:
His wounds yet, which ſtounds yet,
he got them then through thee.
54. That (quoth *Experience*) is true,
Will flatter'd him when firſt he flew,
Will ſet him in a low,
Will was his counſel and convoy,
Will borrowed from the blinded Boy,
both Quiver, Wings, and Bow.
Wherewith before he ſey'd to ſhoot,
he neither yeeld to youth,
Nor yet had need of any fruit,
to quench his deadlie drought;
Which pines him, and dwines him
to death, I wot not how:
If *Will* then, did ill then,
himſelf remembers now.
55. For *I Experience* was there,
(Likeas I uſe to be all where)
what time he wyted *Will*,
To be the ground of all his grief,
As I my ſelf can be a prief,
and witneſs thereuntil,
There are no bounds but I have been,
nor hidlings from me hid,
or ſecret things but I have ſeen,
that he or any did;
Therefore now, no more now,
let him think to conceal't,
For why now, now I know.

am debt-bound to reveal't:
56. My custom is for to declare,
The truth, and neither eek nor pair;
for any man a joat:
If wilful *Will* delights in lies,
Example in thy self thou sees;
how he can turn his coat,
And with his language would allure;
thee yet to break thy bones:
Thou knows thy self if he be sure,
thou us'd his counsel once:
Who would yet, be bold yet,
to wreak thee were not we:
Think on now, on yon now,
(quoth *Wisdom* then to me.)
57. Well (quoth *Experience*,) if he
Submits himself to you and me,
I wot what I should say,
Our good advice he shall not want,
Providing alwayes that he grant
to put yon *Will* away;
And banish both him and *Despair*,
that all good purpose spills:
So he will mell with them no mair,
let them two fryte their fills;
Such cossing, but lossing,
all honest men may use
That change now, were strange now,
quoth *Reason*, to refuse.
58. Quoth *Will*, Fy on him, when he flew,
That pow'd not Cherries then anew:
for to have stay'd his sturt.
Quoth *Reason*, though he bear the blame,
He never saw nor needed them,
while he himself had hurt:
First, when he mistr'd not, he might,
he needs, and may not now:
Thy folly, when he had his slight,
empashed him to pow:
But he now, and we now,
perceive thy purpose plain,
To turn him, and burn him,
and blow on him again.
59. Quoth *Still*, what would you longer strive
Far better late than never thrive,
come let us help him yet:
Yet time we may not get again.

Bewarwith that, (quoth *Wit*)
Speak on *Experience*, lets see,
we think you hold you dumb:
Of bygones I have heard quoth he,
I know not things to come.
Quoth *Reason*, the reason,
with flouthing flids away:
First take him, and make him,
a man, if that you may,
60. Quoth *Will*, if he be not a man,
pray you Sirs, what is he than?
he looks like one at least.
Quoth *Reason*, if he follow thee
And mind not to remain with me,
nought but a brutal beast;
A man in shape doth not consist,
for all your taunting tales;
Therefore sir *Will* I would ye wist
your Metaphysick fails:
Go lear yet, 1 year yet,
your Logick at the schools,
Some day then, you may then,
pass Master with thee Mooles.
61. (Quoth *Will*,) I marvel what you mean,
Should I not trow mine own two een,
for all your Logick schools?
If I did not I were not wise,
(Quoth *Reason* I have told you thrise,)
none farlies more then fools:
There be more senses then the sight
which ye ov'rhale for haste,
To wit, if ye remember right,
Smel, Hearing, Touch, and Taste:
All quick things, have sick things,
I mean both man and beast,
By kind ay, we find ay,
few lacks them at the least,
62. So by that consequence of thine,
Or Syllogism said like a Swine,
a Cow may learn the lear:
Thou uses onely but the eyes,
She Touches, Tastes, Smels, Hears, and Sees,
which matches thee and mair;
But since to triumph ye intend,
as presently appears,
Sir, for your Clergy to be kend,
[illegible] ye two Adverbs.

No Miter, perfyter,
got *Midas* for his meed:
That hood, sir, is good, sir,
to lap your brain-sick-head.
63. Ye have no feel for to define,
Though ye have cunning to decline
a Man to be a Mool,
With little work yet, ye may vow'd
To grow a gall and horse and good,
to ride thereon at Yool:
But to our ground where he began:
for all our gustless jests:
I must be master of the man,
but thou to brutal beasts:
So we two, must be two
to cause both kinds be known:
Keep mine then, for thine then,
and each one use their own.
64. Then *Will* as angry as an Ape,
Ran ramping, swearing, rude and rape,
saw he none other shift;
He would not want an inch of his will,
Ev'n whether't did him good or ill.
for thirty of his thrift:
He would be foremost in the field,
and master, if he might:
Yea, he should rather die then yeeld,
though *Reason* had the right.
Shall he now, make me now,
his Subject, or his Slave?
No rather, my Father
shall quick go to his grave.
65. I height him, while mine heart is haile,
To perish first ere he prevail,
come after what so may,
Quoth *Reason*, doubt you not indeed,
Ye hit the nail upon the head,
it shall be as ye say
Suppose ye spur for to aspire,
your bridle wants a bit:
That Mare may leave you in the mire,
as sikker as ye sit.
Your sentence, repentance,
shal you leave, I believe,
And anger, you langer,
when you that practick prieve.
66. As ye have dyted your decreet,

our propheſie to be compleat,
perhaps and to your pains:
hath been ſaid, and may be ſo,
willful man wants never wo,
though he get little gains;
ut ſince ye think't an eaſie thing
to mount above the Moon,
f your own fiddle take a ſpring,
and dance when ye have done:
If than, Sir, the man, Sir,
like of your mirth he may,
And ſpier firſt, and hear firſt,
what he himſelf will ſay,
7. Then altogether they began
nd ſaid, come on thou martyr'd man,
what is thy will? adviſe,
bas'd a bony while I bade,
nd mus'd ere I mine anſwer made,
I turnd me once or twice,
eholding every one about,
whoſe motions mov'd me maiſt,
ome ſeem'd aſſur'd, ſome dread for doubt,
Will ran red-wood for haſte:
With wringing, and ſlinging,
for madneſſe like amange,
Deſpair too, for care too,
would needs himſelf go hang:
8. Which when *Experience* perceiv'd,
uoth he, remember if I rav'd,
as *Will* alleg'd of late,
hen as he ſwore, nothing he ſaw,
nage, but anger, ſlack and ſlaw,
and canker'd in conceit;
e could not luck, as he alledg'd,
who all opinions ſpier'd:
e was ſo frack and firy edg'd,
he thought us four but fear'd,
Who panſes, what chances,
quoth he, no worſhip wins,
To ſome beſt, ſhal come beſt,
Who hap well, rack well rins,
9. Yet (quoth *Experience*) behold,
or all the tales that he hath told,
how he himſelf behaves:
ecauſe *Deſpair* could come no ſpeed,
o here he hings all but the head,
and in a widdie waves;

If

If you be sure, once thou may see,
to men that with them melts,
If they had hurt or helped thee,
consider by themselves:
Then chuse thee, to use thee,
by us or such as you,
Syne soon now, have done now,
make either aff or on.

70. Perceiv'st thou not wherein proceeds,
The frantick fantasie that feeds
thy furions flaming fire?
Which doth thy bailful breast combure,
That none indeed (quoth they) can cure,
nor help thine hearts desire:
The piereing passion of thy sp'rit
which wastes thy vital breath,
Doth hold thine heavy heart with heat,
desire drawes on thy death.
Thy punces, renounces
all kind of quiet rest;
That fever, hath ever,
thy person so oppresst.

71. Couldst thou come once acquaint with Skill,
He knows what humours do thee ill;
and how thy cares contracts,
He knows the ground of all thy grief,
And recipees of thy relief,
all medicine he makes,
Quoth Skill, come on, content am I
to put mine helping hand,
Providing alwayes he apply,
to counsel and command.
While we then, quoth he then,
are minded to remain,
Give place now, in case now
thou get us not again,

72. Assure thy self, if that wee shed,
Thou shalt not get thy purpose sped,
take heed, we have thee told;
Have done, and drive not off the day,
The man that will not when he may,
he shall not when he would;
What wilt thou do? I would we wist,
accept, or give us ov'r.
(Quoth I,) I think me more than blest,
to find such famous foure:

Beside me, to guide me,
now when I have to do,
Considering, what swiddering,
ye found me first into.

73. When *Courage* cry'd a stomach stout,
And *Danger* drave me into doubt,
with his companion *Dread*:
While *Will* would up above the Air,
Whiles I am drown'd in deep *Despair*,
whiles *Hope* held up mine head:
Such pithy reasons and replyes,
on every side they mow:
That I who was not very wise,
thought all their tales were true:
So mony, and bony,
old Problems they proponit:
But quickly, and likely,
I marvel meikle on it.

74. Yet *Hope* and *Courage* wan the field,
Though *Dread* and *Danger* never yield,
but fled to find refuge:
Yet when the four came they were fain,
Because ye gart us come again,
they grien'd to ger you judge,
Where they were fugitive before,
ye made them frank and free,
To speak and stand in aw no more,
Quoth *Reason*, so should be,
Oftimes now, but crimes now,
but even perforce it falls:
The strong ay, with wrong ay,
puts weaker to the walls.

75. Which is a fault ye must confess,
Strength was not ordain'd to oppress,
with rigor by the right:
But by the contrare, to sustain,
The loaden which o'r burdened been,
as meikle as they might.
So *Hope* and *Courage* did, (quoth I)
experimented like;
Shew skill'd and pithie reasons who
that *Danger* lap the dike.
Quoth *Danger*, sir, take heed, sir,
long spoken part must spill:
Insist not, we wist not,
we went against our will.

76. With *Courage* ye were ſo content,
Ye never ſought our ſmall conſent,
of us ye ſtood not aw;
Then Logick leſſons ye allowed,
And were determined to trow it,
allegance paſt for law;
For all the proverbs we perus'd,
ye thought them skantlie skil'd,
Our reaſon had been as well rus'd,
had ye been as well will'd.
To our ſide, as your ſide,
ſo trulie *I* may term't,
I ſee now, in thee now,
affection doth affirm't.

77. *Experience* then ſmirking ſmil'd,
We are no bairns to be beguil'd,
(quoth he) and ſhook his head:
For authors who alledges us
They ſtill would win about the buſs
to foſter deadlie feed:
For we are equal for you all,
no perſons we reſpect:
We have been ſo, are yet, and ſhall
be found ſo in effect:
If we were, as ye are,
we had come unrequir'd:
But we now, ye ſee now,
do nothing undeſir'd.

78. There is a ſentence ſaid by ſome,
Let none uncall'd to counſel come,
that welcome weens to be:
Yea, I have heard another yet,
Who came uncall'd, unſerv'd ſhould ſit,
perhaps ſit to may ye.
Good-man, gramercie for your geck,
(quoth *Hope*) and lowſie louts;
If ye were ſent for, we ſuſpect,
becauſe the Doctors doubts:
Your years now, appears now,
with wiſdom to be vext,
Rejoicing, in gloſſing,
while ye have tint your text.

79. Where ye were ſent for, let us ſee,
Who would be welcomer than we,
prove that, and we are pay'd:
Well (quoth *Experience*) beware,

You know not in what caſe you are,
your tongue hath you betray'd:
The Man may able tine a ſtot,
who cannot count his kinch;
In your own bow you are ov'r ſhot,
by more then half an inch.
Who wats, Sir, if that, Sir,
be ſoure which ſeemeth ſweet;
I fear now, ye hear now,
a dangerous decreet.

80. Sir, by that ſentence ye have ſaid,
I pledge, ere all the play be plaid;
that ſome ſhall loſs a laik:
Since ye but put me for to prove,
Such heads as help for my behove,
your warrand is but weake,
Spear at the man your ſelf, and ſee,
ſuppoſe ye ſtrive for ſtate,
He regarded not how he.
hath learn'd my leſſon late:
And granted, he wanted,
both *Reaſon*, *Wit*, and *Skill*,
Complaining, and meaning,
our abſence did him ill.

81. Confront him farther face to face,
If that he rew his rackleſs race,
perhaps and ye ſhall hear;
For ay ſince *Adam*, and ſince *Eve*,
Who firſt the leaſing did believe,
I ſold thy doctrine dear.
What hath been done unto this day,
I keep in mind almaiſt:
Ye promiſe farther than you pay,
Sir, *Hope*, for all your haſte;
Promitting, unwritting,
your heghts you never hooked:
I ſhow you, I know you,
your by-ganes I have booked.

82. I would, in caſe a count were crav'd,
Show thouſand thouſands thou deceiv'd;
where thou waſt true to one;
And, by the contrare I may vant,
Which thou muſt (though it grieve the) grant,
I trumped never a man;
But truly told the naked truth
to men that mell'd with me,
For neither rigour, nor for truth

but only loath to lie:
To some yet, to come yet,
thy succour shall be slight,
Which I then, must try then,
and register it right.
83. Ha, ha, (quoth *Hope*) and lewdlie leugh,
Ye're but a prentice at the pleugh,
Experience, ye prieve:
Suppose all by-ganes as ye spake,
Ye are no Prophet worth a plack,
nor I bound to believe.
Ye should not say, sit, till ye see,
but when ye see it, say:
Yet (quoth *Experience*) let thee
make manie mints I may:
By signs now, and things now,
which ay before me bears,
Expressing, by guessing,
the peril that appears.
84. Then *Hope* repli'd and that with pith,
And wiselie weighted his words therewith,
sententiouslie and short;
Quoth he, I am the Anchor grip,
That saves the Sailers and their ship
from peril to their port.
Quoth he, oft-times that Anchor drives
as we have found before;
And loses manie thousand lives,
by shipwrack on the shore:
Your grips oft, but slips oft,
when men have most to do;
Syne leaves them, and reaves them,
of my companions too.
85. Thou leaves them not thy self alone,
But, to their grief when thou art gone,
gars *Courage* quite them als:
Quoth *Hope*, I would ye understood,
I grip fast if the ground be good,
and fleets it where its false:
There should no fault with me be found,
nor I accus'd at all.
With such as should have found the ground,
before the Anchor fall:
Their leed ay, at need ay,
might warn them if they would,
If they there, would stay there,
or have good Anchor hold.

86. If ye read right, it was not I,
But onlie ignorance whereby
their Carvels all were cloven:
I am not for a trumpet tane,
All (quoth *Experience*) is ane,
I have my proceſs proven:
To wit, that we are called each one,
to come before we came,
That now objections ye have none,
Your ſelf muſt ſay the ſame.
Ye are now, too fat now,
come forward for to flie,
Perceive then, ye have then,
the worſt end of the tree.

83. When *Hope* was gail'd into the quick,
Quoth *Courage* kicking at the prick,
we let you well to wit;
Make he you welcomer than we,
Then bygones bygones, farewell he,
except he ſeek us yet;
He underſtands his own eſtate,
let him his chiftains chuſe,
But yet his battle will be blate,
if he our force refuſe:
Refuſe us, or chuſe us,
our counſel is he climb:
But ſtay he, or ſtray he:
we have none help for him.

88. Except the Cherrie be his choſe,
Be ye his friends, we are his foes,
his doings we diſpite,
If we perceive him ſettled ſae,
To ſatisfie him with the Slae,
his company we quite.
Then *Dread* and *Danger* grew ſo glad,
and wont that they had won,
They thought all ſeal'd that they had ſaid,
ſyne they had firſt begun:
They thought then, they mought then
without a party plead:
But yet there, with *Wit* there,
They were dung down indeed.

89. Sirs *Dread* and *Danger* then (quoth *Wit*)
Ye did your ſelves to me ſubmit,
Experience can prove:
That (quoth *Experience*) I paſt,
Their own confeſſion makes them faſt,
they

they may no more remove:
For if they right remember me,
this maxime then they made,
To wit, the man with *Wit* should weigh,
what Philosophs had said:
Which sentence, repentance,
forbade him dear to buy,
They knew then, how true then,
and preas'd not to replie.
90. Though he dang *Dread* and *Danger* down,
Yet *Courage* could not be overcome,
Hope heght him such a hire,
He thought himselt, how soon he saw
His enemies we laid so law,
it was no time to tire.
He hit the iron while it was heat,
in case it might grow cold:
For he esteem'd his foes defeat,
when once he found them fold,
Though he now, quoth he now,
hath been so free and frank,
Unsought yet, he mought yet,
for kindness cun'd us thank.
91. Suppose it so as thou hast said
That unrequir'd we offered aid:
at least it came of love.
Experience, ye start too soon,
Ye dow nothing while all be done.
and then perhaps ye prove
More plain than pleasant too perchance,
some tell that you have tryed,
As fast as ye your selves advance,
ye dow not well denie it:
Abide then, the tide then
and wait upon the wind:
Ye know, Sir, ye owe, Sir,
to hold you ay behind
92, When ye have done some doughtie deeds
Syne ye should see how all succeeds
to write them as they were
Friend, hulie, hast not half so fast,
Lest (quoth *Experience*) at last
ye buy my doctrine dear.
Hope puts that haste into your head,
which boils your barmie brain.
Howbeit fools haste makes hulie speed,
fair heights makes foolst e fain.

Such smilling, beguilling,
bids fear not for no freets:
Yet I now, deny now,
that all is gold that gleets.

93. Suppose no silver all that shines,
Oft-times a tentless *Merchant* tines,
for buying gear begueſs,
For all the vantage and the wining,
Good buyers gets at the beginning,
quoth *Courage*, not the leſs,
Whiles as good Merchants tines as wines,
if old Mens tales be true;
Suppose the pack comes to the pins,
who can his chance eſhew?
Then good Sir, conclude Sir,
good buyers have done baith:
Advance then, take chance then,
as ſundrie good ſhips hath.

94. Who wiſt what would be cheap or dear,
Should need not traffique but a year,
if things to come were kend;
Suppoſe all bygane things be plain,
Your propheſie is but profane,
ye had beſt behold the end.
Ye would accuſe me of a crime,
almoſt before we met;
Torment me not before the time,
ſince dolor payes no debt:
What by-paſt, that I paſt,
ye wot if it was well,
To come yet, by doom yet,
confeſs ye have no feel.

95. Yet, (quoth *Experience*) what than
Who may be meeteſt for the Man?
let us his anſwer have:
When they ſubmitted them to me,
To *Reaſon* I was fain to flie,
his counſel for to crave.
Quoth he, ſince ye your ſelves ſubmit,
to do as I decreet,
I ſhall adviſe with *Skill* and *Wit*,
what they think may be meet,
They cry'd then, we bide then,
at *Reaſon* for refuge:
Allow him, and trow him,
as governour and judge.

96. So ſaid they all with one conſent,
What he concludes we are content
his bidding to obey:
He hath authority to uſe,
Then take his choſe whom he would chuſe,
and longer not delay:
Then *Reaſon* roſe and was rejoyc'd,
quoth he, mine hearts, come hither,
I hope this play may be compos'd,
that we may go together;
To all now, I ſhall now,
his proper place aſſign,
That they here, ſhall ſtay here,
they think none other thing,
97. Come on (quoth he) companion *Skill*,
Ye underſtand both good and ill,
in Phyſick ye are fine:
Be Medciner unto this man,
And ſhew ſuch cunning as ye can,
to put him out of pain:
Firſt gard the ground of all his grief,
what ſickneſs ye ſuſpect;
Syne look what he lacks for relief,
ere further ye infect:
Comfort him, exhort him,
give him your good advice,
And pance not, nor ſcance not
the pearle nor the price.
98. Though he be cumberſome what reck;
Find out the cauſe by the effect,
and working of his veins;
Yet while we grip it to the ground,
See firſt what faſhion may be found
to pacifie his pains:
Do what ye do to have him heal,
and for that purpoſe preaſe;
Cut off the cauſe, th'effect will fail,
ſo all his ſorrow ceaſe;
His fever, ſhall never,
from henceforth have no force,
Then urge him, to purge him,
he will not wax the worſe.
99. Quoth *Skill*, his ſenſes are ſo ſick,
I know no liquor with a leek,
to quench his deadly drought;
Except the Cherrie help his heat.

Whoſe

Whose sappie slockning, sharp and sweet,
might melt into his mouth,
And his mealancholy reprove:
to mitigate his minde:
None wholesomer for his behove,
nor more cooling of kinde:
No *Nectar*, directer,
could all the gods him give,
Nor send him, to mend him,
none like it, I believe.
100. For drought decays as it digests,
Why then (quoth *Reason*) nothing rests,
but how it may be had:
Most true (quoth *Skill*) that is the scope,
Yet we must have some help of *Hope*,
quoth *Danger*, I am red,
His hastiness breeds us mis-hap,
when he is highly horst:
I would we looked ere we lap:
quoth *Wit*, that were not worst:
I mean now, conveen now
the counsel one and all?
Begin then, call in then,
quoth *Reason*, so I shall.
101. Then *Reason* rose with gesture grave,
Belyve conveening all the lave,
to see what they could say:
With silver seepter in his hand,
As Chiftain chosen to command,
and they bent to obey;
He panced long before he spake,
and in a study stood,
Syne he began and silence brake,
come one, quoth he, conclude
What way now, we may now
yon Cherrie come to catch?
Speak out, Sirs, about, Sirs,
have done let us dispatch.
102. Quoth *Courage*, scourge him first that skars
Much musing memory but mars;
I tell you mine intent.
Quoth *Wit*, who will not partly pance?
In perils perishes perchance,
ov'r rackless may repent.
Then quoth *Experience*, and spake,
Sir, I have seen them baith,

In

In bairulineſs, and lay a back,
eſcape and come to skaith ;
But what now, of that now?
ſturt follows all extreams;
Retain then, the mean then,
the ſureſt way it ſeems.
103. Where ſome hes furthered, ſome hes fail'd,
Where part has periſht, part prevail'd,
alike all cannot luck ;
Then neither venture with the one,
Or with the other let alone,
the Chertie for to pluck:
Quoth *Hope*, for fear folk muſt not faſh,
quoth *Danger*, let not light.
Quoth *Wit*, be neither rude not raſh,
quoth *Reaſon*, ye have right.
The reſt then, thought beſt then,
when *Reaſon* ſaid it ſo,
That roundlie, and ſoundlie,
they ſhould together go.
104. To get the Cherrie all in haſte,
As for my ſafety ſerving maiſt,
though *Dread* and *Danger* fear'd
The peril of that irkſome way,
Leſt that thereby I ſhould decay,
who then ſo weak appear'd:
Yet *Hope* and *Courage*, hard beſide,
who with them went content,
Did take in hand us for to guide
unto our journeys end:
Impledging, and wedging
both two their lives for mine,
Providing, the guiding;
to them were granted ſyne.
105. Then *Dread* and *Danger* did appeal,
Alledging it could not be well,
nor yet would they agree,
But ſaid, they ſhould ſound their retreat,
Becauſe they thought them no wayes meet,
conductors unto me;
Nor to no man in mine eſtate,
with ſickneſs ſore oppreſt,
For they took ay the neareſt gate,
omitting oft the beſt:
The neareſt, perquireſt,
is alwayes to them baith.

Where they. Sir, may say, Sir,
what racks them of their skaith
106. But as for us two, now we swear,
By Him before whom we appear,
our full intent is now
To have you whole, and alway was
That purpose for to bring to pass,
so is not theirs, I trow.
Then *Hope* and *Courage* did attest
the gods at both these parts,
If they wrought not for all the best
of me with upright hearts:
Our Chiftain, then lifting
his scepter, did enjoyn,
No more there, uproar there,
and so their strife was done.
107. Rebuking *Dread* and *Danger* sore,
Suppose they meant well evermore,
to me as they had sworn:
Because their neighbours they abus'd.
In so far as they had accus'd
them, as ye heard before,
Did he not else (quoth he) consent,
the Cherrie for to pow?
Quoth *Danger*, we are well content.
but yet the manner how,
We shall now, even all now,
get this man with us there;
It rest is, and best is,
your counsel shall declare.
108. Well said (quoth *Hope* and *Courage*) now,
We thereto will accord with you.
and shall abide by them.
Likeas, before we do submit,
So we repeat the samine yet,
we mind not to reclaim:
Whom we shall choose to guide the way,
we shall him follow straight,
And further this man what we may.
because we have so height
Promitting, but flitting,
so do the thing we can,
To ease both, and please both,
this sillie sicklie man.
109. When *Reason* heard this then (quoth he)
I see your chiefest stay to be,
that we have nam'd no guide;

The worthy Counsel hath therefore,
Thought good that *Wit* should go before,
for perils they provide,
Quoth *Wit*, there is but one of three,
which I shall to you show,
Whereof the first two cannot be,
for any thing I know;
The way here, so stay here,
is that we cannot climb,
Even ov'r now, we sour now,
that will be hard for him.
110. The next, if we go down about,
While that this bend of Craigs run out,
the stream is there so stark,
And also passeth wading deep,
And broader far then we dow leap,
it should be idle wark:
It grows ay broader than the sea,
syne ov'r the Lin it came,
The running dead doth signifie,
the deepness of the same
I leave now, to deave now,
how that it swiftly slides,
As sleeping and creeping,
but nature so provides.
111. Our way then lies about the Lin,
Whereby a warrant we shall win,
it is so straight and plain;
The water also is so shald,
We shall it pass even as we wald,
with pleasure and but pain;
For, as we see the mischief grow
oft of a feckless thing,
So likewise doth this river flow
forth of a pretty spring;
Whose throat, Sir, I wot Sir,
ye may stop with your nieve,
As you, Sir, I trow Sir,
Experience can prieve.
112. That (quoth *Experience*) I can,
All that ye said since ye began,
I know to be of truth,
Quoth *Skill* the famine I approve,
Quoth *Reason*, then let us remove,
and sleep no more in sleuth.
Wit and *Experience* (quoth he)
shall came before apace,

The man shall come with Skill and me,
into the second place;
Attour now, you four now,
shall come into a band,
Proceeding, and leading,
each other by the hand.
113. As *Reason* ordain'd, all obey'd,
None was ov'r rash, none was afraid,
our counsel was so wile;
As of our journey *Wit* did note,
We found it true in every jot;
God bless our interprise,
For even as we came to the Tree,
which as ye heard me tell:
Could not be clumb there suddenlie,
the fruit for ripeness fell:
Which tasting, and hasting,
I found my self relievd,
Of cares all, and fears all,
which mind and bodie griev'd.
114. Praise be to GOD my LORD, therefore,
Who did mine health to me restore,
being so long time pin'd:
Yea blessed be his holy Name,
Who did from death to life reclaim,
me who was so unkind.
All Nations also magnifie
this everliving LORD;
Let me with you, and you with me,
to laud him ay accord:
Whose love ay, we prove ay,
to us above all things;
And bless him, and bless him
whose glore eternal reigns,

Capt. *ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY*, His LAMENTATION.

I Have sinned, O Father, be merciful to me;
I am not worthie to be call'd thy Child;
That stubbornlie so long have gone astray,
Not as thy Son, but as a prodigal wild:
My silie soul with sin is so defil'd,
That Sathan thinks to catch it as a prey;
Lord grant me grace that he may be beguil'd,
Peccavi Pater, miserere mei. I am

I am abas'd, O Lord, how dare I be so bold,
Before thy holy presence to appear?
Or hazard once the Heav'ns to behold,
Who am not worthie that the earth should bear,
Yet damn me not whom thou hast bought so dear
Sed salvum me fac, dulcis Fili Dei.
For out of *Luke* this lesson we do lear;
Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.

If thou, O Lord, with rigour would strevenge,
What flesh before thee fautless shal be found?
Or who is he his conscience can him cleanse,
To sin and Satan from his birth's not bound;
Yet of meer grace thou tak'st away the ground:
And sent thy Son our penalty to pay
To save us from the hideous hells hound:
Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei

I hope for mercy although my sins be huge,
I grant my guilt, and groan to thee for grace:
Though I would flie, whose should I find refuge?
In heaven, O Lord, there is thy dwelling place,
The earth thy footstool: and to th'hells alace!
Down go the dead; for all must thee obey:
Therefore I cry, while I have time and space,
Peccave, Pater, miserere mei

O gracious God, my guiltiness forgive,
In sinners death since thou dost not delight,
But rather would they should convert and live,
As witness the prophets in holie Write:
I pray thee, Lord thy promise to perfite
In me, that I may with the Psalmist say,
I will thy praise and wondrous works indite.
Therefore dear Father be merciful to me.

Though I do slide, let me not sleep in slouth;
Me to revive from sin let grace begin:
Make, Lord, my tongue the trumpet of thy truth
And lend my verse such wings as are divine;
Since thou hast granted me so good ingine,
To Praise thy Name with gallant stile and gay,
Let me not more so trim a talent tine:
Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.

My sp'rit to speak, let thy sp'rit Lord, inspire,
Help, Holie Ghost, and be mine heavenlie Muse:
Flie down on me with forked tongues of fire,
As on th' Apostles, with thy fear me infuse;
All vice expell, teach me sin to refuse,
And all my filthie affections, I thee pray;

Thy fervent love on me poure night and day,
Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.
Stoup stubborn stomack that hes been ay so stout
Stoup filthy flesh and carion made of clay:
Stoup hardned heart, before thy LORD and lout,
Stoup, stoup in time, defer not day by day:
Thou wots not when that thou must pass away,
To the great glore, where thou must be for ay:
Confess thy sins, and think no shame to say,
Peccavi, Pater, miserere mei.
O great JEHOVAH, to thee all glore be given,
Who shap't my soul to thy similitude; (heaven
And to thy Son whom thou sentst down from
When I Was lost, he bought me with his Blood:
And to the Holy Ghost, my guider good,
Who must confirm my faith in the right way,
In me cor mundum crea, I conclude,
O heavenlie Father be mercifull to me.

The SOLSEQUIUM.

LIkeas the dum *Solsequium*, with care ov'rcome
Doth sorrow when the Sun goes out of sight,
Hangs down her head, and drops as dead, and
will not spred,
Butlurks her leaves through langor all the night
Till fooliſh *Phaëton* arise with whip in hand,
To clear the crystal Skies, and light the land,
Birds in their bower, waits on that hour,
And to their King a glad good-morrow gives;
From thence that flow'r likes not to lowre,
But laugh on *Phœbus* op'ning out her leaves:
So stands't with me, except I be, where I may see
My lamp of light, my Lady, and my *Love*: (arts,
When she departs ten thousand darts in sundry
Thirle through my havy heart, but rest or roove,
My countenance declares my inward grief,
And Hope almost despairs to find relief:
I die, I dwine, play doth me pine,
I loath on every thing I look, alas!
While *Titan* mine, upon me shine,
That I revive through favour of her grace,
Fra she appear, into her sphere, begins to clear
The dawning of my long desired day:
Then *Courage* cryes on *Hope* to rise, fra she espies

The

The noisome night of absence went away;
No [illegible] nor yet impest;
But on thy [illegible] I flourish fresh;
I spring, I sprout my leaves break out;
My colour changes in an hartsome hew;
No more I lout, but stand up stout,
As glad of her on whom I only grow.
O happie [illegible] nourway; [illegible] stay;
The Cart [illegible] down in to the West;
Of me thou makes thy Zodiack, that I may take
My Pleasure to behold whom I love best,
Her presence me restores from death to life;
Her absence also stores to can my breath;
I wish in vain then to remain;
Since [illegible] doth say me nay;
A least thy [illegible] so again.
Farewell with [illegible] perforce till day.

PSAL. [illegible]

Declina à malo, & fac bonum.

LEave sin, ere sin leave thee, do good,
and both without delay;
Less fit he will to Morrow be,
who is not fit to day.

Non tardes converti ad Deum.

His morning Muse.

LEt dread of pain for sin in after time,
Let manse to see thy self ensnared so;
Let grief conceiv'd for foul accused crime,
Let hate of sin the worker of thy wo, (force
With dread, with shame, with grief, with hate en-
To dew thy cheeks with tears of deep remorse.
So hate of sin shall make Gods love to grow,
So grief shall harbour hope within thine hearts,
So dread shall cause the flood of joy to flow,
So shame shall send sweet solace to thy smart;
So love, so hope, so joy, solace sweet,
Shall make thy soul in heavenly bless to sleet.
Wo where no hate doth no such love allure,
Wo where such grief maks no such hope proceed
Wo where such dread doth not such joy procure
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

FINIS.

X